

Good Morning 62

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

The Windmill

By
Edward G.
Smettem

*The winds which gave them life would seem to sigh
And sighing, pass thro' sweeps now stark and still;
Gaunt bones of limbs that, in a day gone by
Waved joyously, "Come on—come to the mill!"
Yet who shall mourn, save they who fail to see
In stillness, such immortal dignity.*

WHILE the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings has, through its Windmill Section, been able to preserve the immortal dignity of many British windmills, to delight the eye of generations to come, many will gaze upon their weather-bleached timber and mellowed brick, and wonder. For the working mill is a rarity—the millers whose whirling "sweeps" last faced the breeze, a dying race. Who, then, shall tell us of what went on within the mill—what movement, toil, tradition were set in motion to the clack of giant cog and the sound of grinding stone?

There may be many of our readers who would like to turn back the pages of windmill history for a moment.

The Post Mill

The earliest type of mill was the post mill, which we illustrate here, and in which the entire upper structure carrying sweeps or sails, millstones and grinding gear, revolves on a centre post which fits into a socket in the massive carrying beam.

Upon this axis the mill was revolved manually or by means of oxen or horse-power, so that its sweeps faced the wind, the power being applied to a long beam called the "tail," usually attached to the wooden stairway to the interior. The "smock" mill, shown at the end of this feature, is of later type, in which the sail-carrying cupola or cap alone rotates, being manually operated in the older mills, and automatically

in later "tower" mills, by means of a "flyer" wheel, introduced by Andrew Meikle in 1750. This wheel, placed at right-angles to the main sails, and on the opposite side of the cupola, is carried on an out-built gallery, and, wind-driven, transmits power through geared cogwheels to a cogged rail round the base of the cap,



Earliest type—the Post Mill.

causing the cap to revolve until the main sweeps face the wind.

The "Sweeps"

The oldest type of sails or "sweeps" were covered with canvas, and various methods of reefing these to accommodate varying wind velocity were

STUART MARTIN

Reconstructs for you
the mysterious murder
of Alfred Oliver,
Reading tobacconist,
in the Unsolved
Crime of



practised. Later, sweeps were wood-slatted, providing for variations in wind-power by sliding behind one another, or by turning individually on a central axis as in a venetian blind, thus allowing excess wind to pass through. The latter type was the invention of Sir William Cubitt at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and was automatically operated, the sails being of thin pivoted slats held to the wind by weights, which allowed these boards to swing open as the wind increased.

How the mills worked

The power derived from the sail was transmitted to a central shaft running vertically through the mill, and on which were fixed large cogwheels, engaging the millstones and other devices. Such cogwheels were often made of wood, reinforced and banded with iron, while a band-brake (also made of wood) stopped the sweeps when the miller had finished his work.

The use of the force of gravity was a feature of old-time

milling, for the process began at the top of the mill and finished at the bottom. Through a series of floors, the top one immediately beneath the fan gallery, grain became meal. Fed to the millstones through hoppers, and from there to the meal bins through spouts, it finished on the ground floor, in sacks ready for cartage.

Millstones

Millstones were made in wedge-shaped sections from a very hard silicate, cemented together and bound by hoops of iron, and their grinding faces were cut into ridges and furrows, radiating in such a way as to cause the grain to move outwards from the centre, while being ground in passage. The lower stone was named the "bedstone" and was fixed, while the upper stone, or "runner," revolved.

There is a great deal more to say about windmills, but space will not allow, so we will finish on a human note.

It was a traditional custom amongst millers to grind without charge the gleanings which the cottagers brought to the mill after the reapers had finished.

We like the thought that the beauty of the English windmill was more than weather-board deep!

WISDOM

From the Past

Do the duty which lies nearest thee, which thou knowest to be a duty! Thy second duty will already have become clearer.

Thomas Carlyle.

Wisdom and fortune combat together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may take it.

Shakespeare.

Learning doth make the mind of man gentle, amiable, and pliant, whereas ignorance makes them churlish, thwarting and mutinous.

Bacon.

If we do not plant knowledge that we have is at give us no shade when we are old.

Chesterfield.

THE MAN WHO STROKED THE LAMP-POST

I KNEW Philip Yale Drew, the man who was given so much unwanted, and undeserved, attention when Mr. Alfred Oliver, the Reading tobacconist, was murdered on June 22nd, 1929. I do not know whether Drew is still alive, but I do know there is nothing he desired more than a vindication of himself in that melancholy business.

Between 6 o'clock and 6.15 p.m. on that day, Oliver, aged sixty, was brutally attacked in his shop in Cross Street. He died exactly twenty-four hours later without being able to give any information as to his murderer.

Money amounting to between £10 and £12 in notes was taken from his till. Silver coins were left untouched.

It was Ascot week, and the town had many visitors, some undesirable. The central figure at the inquest was Philip Yale Drew, actor, who was then performing in the town in a play called "The Monster." A cloud of suspicion, wholly unjustified, gathered around him during the inquiry. The inquest was formally opened on June 25, adjourned, and not opened again until October 2nd. In the interval all kinds of wrong opinions and false theories were loosed.

Could not remember

Mr. Oliver was found on the floor behind his counter by his wife about ten minutes past six. He was semi-conscious and was bleeding profusely; but he recognised her. She asked him what had happened, and he replied, "I don't know." But before he died Oliver was able to tell the police that a man came to his shop. "I had an attache case on the table containing about £30 in notes and silver. Mrs. Oliver had gone out, leaving me to clear away the tea. I thought the man was from the gas office. I was in the shop at six or five minutes past six reading a book . . . Remember no more."

At the inquest Dr. Joyce gave a list of the terrible injuries Oliver had received. There were thirteen lacerated wounds on the scalp. The cause of death was multiple fractures of the skull. Who had murdered Oliver?

Witnesses were called. One was a butcher's assistant, who said that a man called at his shop about 1.30 p.m. on the day of the murder. This man seemed a queer customer. He asked if there was any calves' liver to be had, and walked away without waiting for an answer. This witness added that he saw the same man between 5.45 and 5.55 p.m. that day going in the direction of Oliver's shop.

The mumbling man
The next thing we hear of this strange individual was on the second day of the resumed inquest (October 4th). A Mr. Windge said he noticed a man in Cross Street that fatal afternoon who "seemed to be partly drunk, mumbling, and gazing at bystanders." The man disappeared into a cafe wearing his overcoat cape-fashion.

A Mr. Nicholson, who was in Oliver's shop at 5.20 p.m., said he noticed a man in Cross Street "staggering about." This man had a mackintosh on his arm, and it was trailing on the ground. He stroked a lamp-post all the way down to the bottom with his finger, as if measuring it.

Another witness spoke of this man, and also said he was "stroking a lamp-post." A police witness said that on the fatal night he had more people coming to give information about the murder than ever he could remember.

One witness, Mr. Wells, a butcher's assistant also, who worked in a shop in Cross Street, gave a long statement. He had the longest and clearest sight of the queer stranger, and he emphatically denied that the man was Philip Yale Drew. This man had asked a direction of the butcher's assistant, and had spoken with a "Tyneside" accent.

Another witness said the man had an accent that sounded

"like Scottish." After all, there is not so much difference between "Tyneside" and "Scottish."

Mr. Wells gave it as his opinion that this strange man was about 40 years of age, wore a dark suit, and shoes very worn at the heels, was mumbling to himself all the time, and had the queer habit of stroking his face, his hair, and lamp-posts as he went past them.

Philip Yale Drew was never charged with the murder; but there were talk, suggestions, hints, although not officially. The atmospheric condition was there, and it left its effect. Reading seethed with comment.

But two months after the resumed inquest a man was detained in Glasgow on suspicion of the crime, only to be released the next day.

What individual, then, killed Alfred Oliver? It was not Drew. I talked things over with him long afterwards. It was not Drew, who underwent a terrible ordeal. I went into that case very thoroughly. I can tell you the kind of man who committed that crime.

The False Trail

First go back to the scene in the shop. The scales on the counter were broken. They may have been knocked over by the murderer when he reached for the till. But note this: There were no wounds on Oliver's hands or arms. I believe the tobacconist was knocked out by the first blow delivered. All that Oliver could tell the police was that a man had asked for change.

I believe that when the police questioned Drew they started on a false trail. The real murderer was a very queer individual. A very queer man indeed. He was seen by Mr. Wells in Cross Street at 5.40 p.m. He was then walking out of Cross Street, mumbling, shambling, stroking at things, even at the back of a car, stroking his own face, and lamp-posts. Spying out the situation?

He was back again in Cross Street just after 6 p.m. The murder was committed between 6 and 6.15 p.m.

Immediately after the murder he was seen by a Mrs. James, standing about the door of the tobacconist's shop, making that stupid stroking gesture. He was NOT fleeing. Mark that. In a word, he had either the foolishness of a madman or the looniness of a drunkard.

And then, when the police were searching for him, he disappeared. Never heard of again. No more shambling, no more loony gestures, no more stroking of lamp-posts. No more getting in the way of cars, and stroking them. No, no more of that. No more walking into butchers' shops and asking if they have any calves' liver and walking off without the answer. That is not a drunkard's way.

I talked it over with a mental specialist. The specialist agreed that this strange intruder may have been a homicidal maniac, who, having cunningly committed his crime, as suddenly forgot it, and recovered his mental balance. There were not a few strange, undesirable characters around during Ascot week.

If that man is alive to-day he may not know he killed Mr. Oliver in that shop.



A good example of a smock-mill under a typical English sky. One of the few mills of its type still standing.

Periscope Page

WANGLING WORDS—25

1. The insertion at the proper places of one (and the same) vowel will make sense of this: PRSVR Y PRFT MN. VR KP THS PRCTPS TN. Can you interpret it?
2. Which of the following words are mis-spelt: CALORY, NEFAREOUS, DISTICH, APOLOGY?
3. Can you change WASTE into PAPER, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration? Change in the same way: READ into RITE, ROSE into LILY, CARE into JOYS.
4. How many four-letter words can you make from the word PREOCCUPIED? And how many five-letter words?

Answer to Wangling Words—No. 24

1. GOLDEN LAND makes OLD ENGLAND.
2. CONTEMPORANEOUS.
3. PINT, PENT, BENT, BEET, BEER.
PLUM, SLUM, SLUR, SOUR, SOAR, SEAR, PEAR.
ROPE, POPE, PORE, CORE, CORD.
PIE, PIN, TIN, TAN, TAR, EAR, ERR, ERE.
4. Grit, Mote, Tome, Gone, Rime, Trim, Moon, More, Omit, etc. Gnome, Trier, Merry, Trine, Grime, Money, Merit, Trite, etc.

Send us your stories, jokes, drawings and ideas—help produce your own newspaper.

ROUND THE WORLD

with our
Roving Cameraman



YOUNG IROQUOIS LEARNS THE WAR DANCE.

Great Big Chief Poking Fire, who organized the village of Caughwanaga, in Quebec, teaches a young Indian of the tribe the Iroquois dance. With a group from the reservation outside Montreal, Big Chief Poking Fire spends the summer outdoors at the village, and lives the life of the traditional Redskins who used to have the plains and valleys as their hunting grounds.

Tourists pay to be amused in the village, and here we have Mrs. Big Chief Poking Fire in the background, looking on at the juvenile performance of the future "warrior."



By HERMAN MELVILLE

NOTHING can exceed the scenery of this bay. Viewed from our ship as she lay at anchor in the middle of the harbour, it presented the appearance of a vast natural amphitheatre in decay, and overgrown with vines, the deep glens that furrowed its sides appearing like enormous fissures caused by the ravages of time. Very often when lost in admiration at its beauty, I have experienced a pang of regret that a scene so enchanting should be hidden from the world in these remote seas, and seldom meet the eyes of devoted lovers of nature.

Besides this bay the shores of the island are indented by several other extensive inlets, into which descend broad and verdant valleys. These are inhabited by as many distinct tribes of savages, who, although speaking kindred dialects of a common language, and having the same religion and laws, have from time immemorial waged hereditary warfare against each other. The intervening mountains, gener-

ally two or three thousand feet above the level of the sea, geographically define the territories of each of these hostile tribes, who never cross them, save on some expedition of war or plunder. Immediately adjacent to Nukuheva, and only separated from it by the mountains seen from the harbour, lies the lovely valley of Happar, whose inmates cherish the most friendly relations with the inhabitants of Nukuheva. On the other side of Happar, and closely adjoining it, is the magnificent valley of the dreaded Typees, the unappeasable enemies of both these tribes.

These celebrated warriors appear to inspire the other islanders with unspeakable terrors. Their very name is a frightful one; for the word "Typee" in the Marquesan dialect signifies a lover of human flesh. It is rather singular that the title should have been bestowed upon them exclusively, inasmuch as the natives of all this group are irreclaimable cannibals. The name may, perhaps, have been given to denote the peculiar ferocity of this clan, and to convey a special stigma along with it.

These same Typees enjoy a prodigious notoriety all over the islands. The natives of Nukuheva would frequently recount in pantomime to our ship's company their terrible feats, and would show the marks of wounds they had received in desperate encounters with them. When ashore they would try to frighten us by pointing to one of their own number, and calling him a Typee, manifesting no little surprise that we did not take to our heels at so terrible an announcement. It was quite amusing, too, to see with what earnestness they disclaimed all cannibal propensities on their own part, while they denounced their enemies—the Typees—as inveterate gormandisers of human flesh; but this is a peculiarity to which I shall hereafter have occasion to allude.

Although I was convinced that the inhabitants of our bay were as arrant cannibals as any of the other tribes on the island, still I could not but feel a particular and most unqualified repugnance to the aforesaid Typees. Even before visiting the Marquesas, I had heard from men who had touched at the group on former voyages some revolting stories in connexion with these savages.

A girl, of course, wants love to lead to a ring. If it doesn't, love is likely to turn to hate. See if you can change LOVE to RING, or vice versa, and LOVE to HATE, each in five moves, changing only one letter at a time, and leaving a complete word each time.

Word Ladder

R	I	N	G	L	O	V	E
L	O	V	E	H	A	T	E

Solution: Too many cooks spoil the broth. Start at No. 3 down and finish at No. 3 across.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE IN No. 61.

		H					
		T					
T	O	O	E	H	T		
	O	R	B	I	L		
	M	A		O			
		N	S	P			
	C	Y	S				
	O	O	K				

Super Brains Trust

TO the world's wisest men we recently put the question:—**Many people get most of their pleasures in life imagining things which are not true. Is this good? What is the use of imagination?**

This is what they said:—**Karl Pearson:** "Well, to start the ball rolling, I should like to point out that disciplined imagination has been at the bottom of all great scientific discoveries. The man with no imagination may collect facts, but he cannot make great discoveries."

Everyman: "I don't see that. A man may accidentally discover a new beetle without using his imagination."

Karl Pearson: "I said great discoveries. The capture of the new beetle is merely another fact collected. But let me put it another way. Let us suppose that a certain group of new facts has been collected and classified. What is the next stage in the process of scientific investigation? It is the discovery of some simple statement, some brief formula, some theory which will link all the facts reasonably together. This work is undoubtedly done by the imagination."

Einstein: "In that sense, of course, imagination is far more important than mere knowledge."

Francis Bacon: "It is certainly true that imagination is a greater thing than truth."

Havelock Ellis: "I consider that nonsense. Imagination is a poor substitute for experience."

Everyman: "I am glad to hear somebody state the plain man's case. Common sense and imagination seem so different—and we certainly cannot do without common sense. I think reasoning about facts is better than imagining things about them."

Prof. Woodworth: "Reasoning and imagining are not so very different, you know. Both of them make use of remembered facts, but imagination uses the facts, while reason only explores them. Reasoning consists in seeing the relationships between facts, and imagination in putting facts into new relationships. Imagination and invention are much the same."

Dr. Johnson: "That may be true, sir. But all power of fancy over reason is a degree of insanity."

Ruskin: "But we are not talking about fancy. Fancy and imagination are two different things. The fancy sees only the appearances of things; it is able to give a portrait of the outside—clear, brilliant, but superficial. The imagination sees the heart and inner nature, and makes them felt."

Wordsworth: "That is an accurate distinction. And imagination deals in principles. She recoils from everything definite. She leaves it to Fancy to describe and decorate particular appearances."

Coleridge: "I should say that fancy is the drapery of poetic genius, and imagination its soul."

Everyman: "But this is all very difficult. As far as I can follow the discussion, fancy is just the ordinary, pretty play with ideas which we are all apt to indulge in, and it is of no particular value except to entertain. But imagination is probing into the heart of things by fitting ideas into schemes and patterns. Fancy portrays, but imagination creates."

William Blake: "Precisely. Everything which is now proved was once only imagined."

R. L. Stevenson: "It is worth noting also that, in the field of literature, the most influential books, and the truest in their

influence, are works of fiction. They repeat, they rearrange, they clarify the lessons of life."

Napoleon: "There is one plain fact which few would care to dispute. It is imagination which rules the human race."

Well, that is the verdict of the Super Brains Trust. Do you agree? If so, do you spot the false note in the question? "Imagining things which are not true" is a meaningless phrase, for the only truth about imagined things is that they are being imagined, and that is always true. They are like the goals we set ourselves in life—they are things which may be attained, and it is good to have them in our minds.

JANE



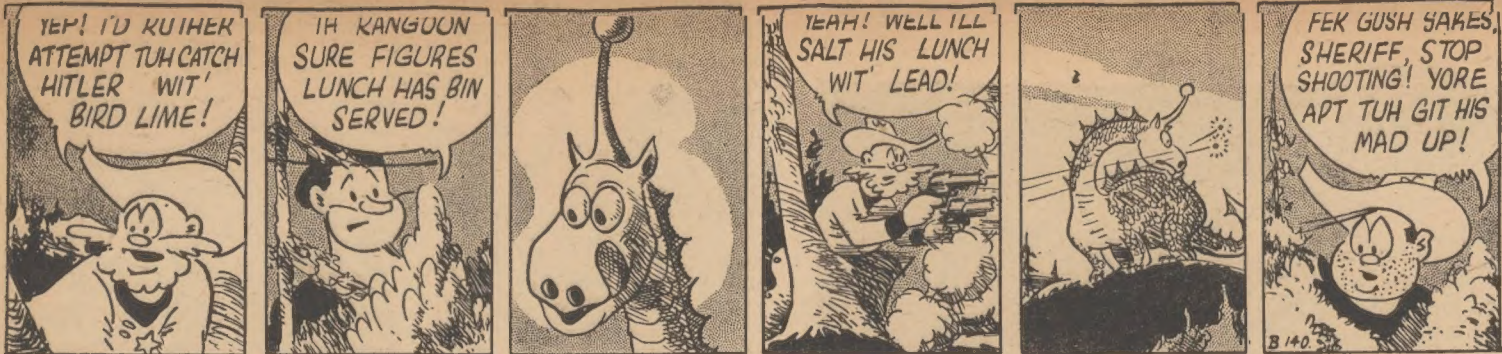
QUIZ for today

1. Who wrote (a) "Two on a Tower," (b) "Two Years Ago," (c) "Two Gentlemen of Verona"?
2. One of these words is not in the Bible; which is it: Butter, Eggs, Chickens, Fowls, Beef, Bread, Milk, Kidney?
3. What is an onager?
4. What is a Parthian shaft (or shot)?
5. Who wrote "The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring, the trala"?
6. What is mace?
7. Who were Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde?
8. How many Coronation stones are there in England?
9. What is a "female rhyme"?
10. What was the real name of the novelist, George Eliot?
11. What is a dunnoek?
12. What is the Lone Star State?

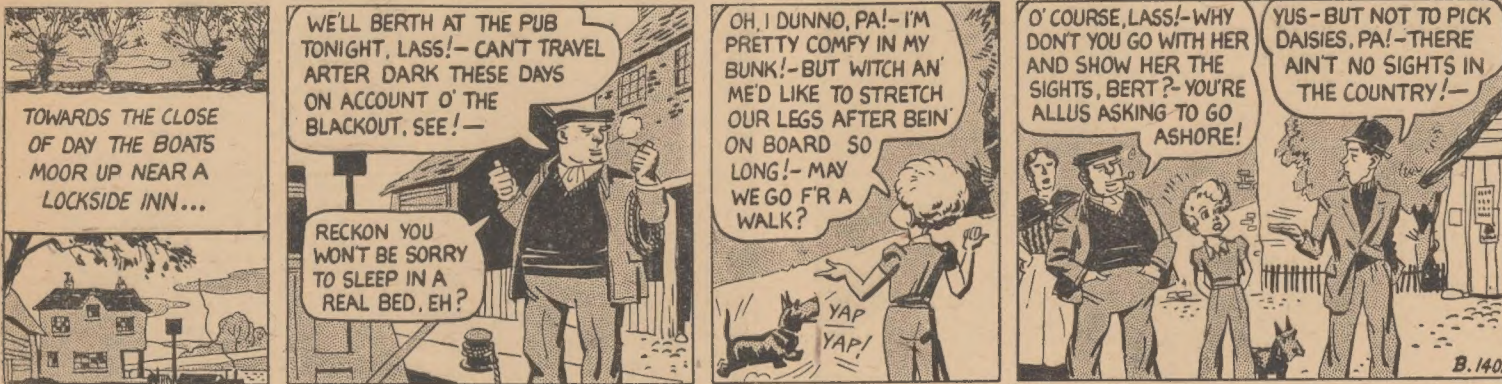
Answers to Quiz in No. 61

1. During the Commonwealth wars, Royalist prisoners were sent to Coventry gaol.
2. Crown lands near Aylesbury.
3. A guide who explains curiosities.
4. Egypt.
5. John Masefield.
6. Gravy.
7. A red herring (Cockney).
8. (a) A harbour at Constantinople, (b) a poem by Longfellow, (c) a novel by Henry James.
9. (a) Edison, (b) Graham Bell.
10. Yes; a small kind of orange.
11. Macbeth.
12. The Storthing.

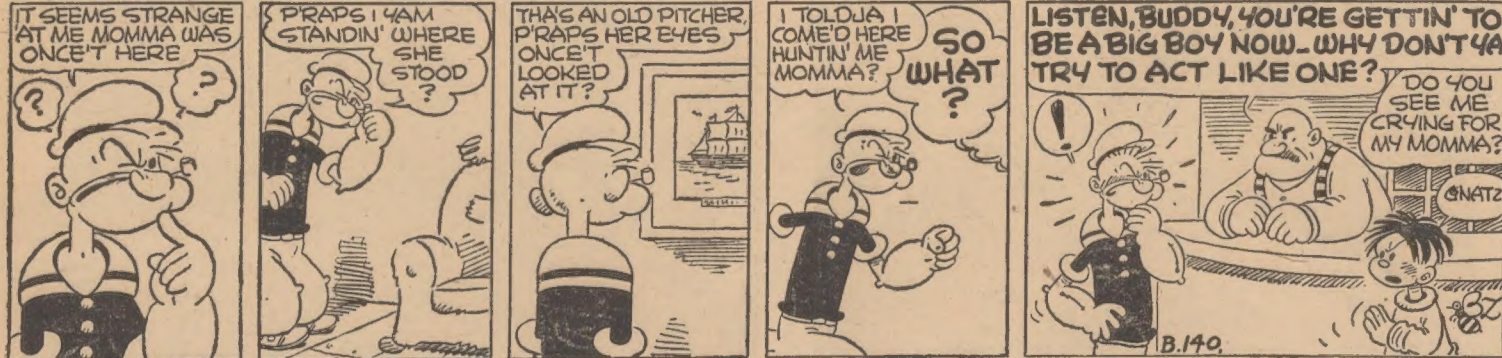
Beelzebub Jones



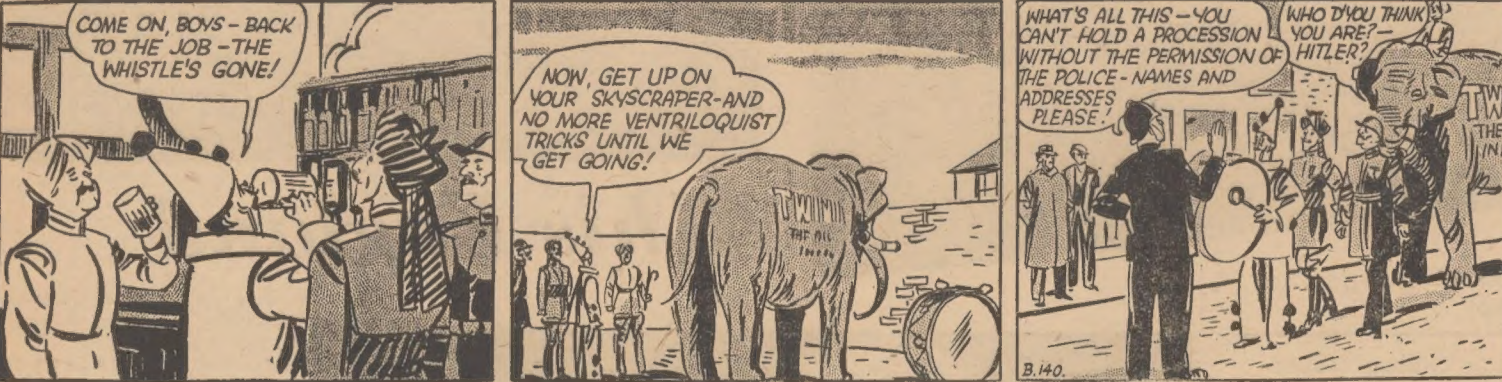
Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



Who are the Beefeaters?

By MARCUS DERLINGER

QUITE recently the Tower of London got a new Keeper, and with the Tower are associated, in the public mind, the Beefeaters.

Who are these Beefeaters? Nobody quite knows how they got their name, but there is a letter in existence from Count Cosmo, Grand Duke of Tuscany, who visited this country in 1669.

In that letter he mentions the body of men, and says, "They are great eaters of beef, of which a very large quantity is given them at Court, and they are called Beefeaters."

But their real name is the King's Body-guard of the Yeomen of the Guard; and their great trouble is, not beef, but beards. It is one of the rules that these Yeomen must have a sort of Sir Walter Raleigh beard; and (maybe to make sure that the beard is there) they have to report to the Adjutant at St. James's Palace several times a year.

Artistically and historically, the beard is inseparable from the ruff they wear below it. Many of these gentlemen live far out of London, but when they are wanted they always answer the call. In the old days they fought in battles, but since Wettigen, in 1743, they have not been so used.

Some are farmers, some business men, some are wealthy and have no profession or business. But many are ex-Guardsmen. Their duties are confined now to receptions, levees, Courts, State banquets, the searching of Parliament before a new session, Maundy Thursday and the Epiphany offerings at the Chapel Royal.

SKIRT AND COAT.

Their dress has undergone several changes through the centuries. Monarchs such as the Stuarts and the Georges, had their own ideas. Their skirts have been the cause of more controversies than any other part of their garb. These have varied in length from below the knee to almost thigh-high.

The sleeves of their coats, too, have changed. At one time it was as wide as a skirt, but for the past few reigns it has remained the present length. The uniform is expected to serve its owner for ten years. And it is an expensive uniform.

Before this war the cost of the coat was in the neighbourhood of £40. Then there are red hose, white gloves, which are issued every three years.

The original service of the Yeomen was to protect the Sovereign in battle, generally to look after him and see that he came to no hurt. They even cooked and served his food. And it was the duty of several to make the King's bed.

HE GOES TO BED.

One of the designations of a Yeoman is Y.H.B., which means Yeoman Bed Hanger. There is also one with the designation of Y.B.G., which, being interpreted, is Yeoman Bed Goer.

In the old days, wherever the King travelled the Royal bed went, too, and the Yeomen had to stuff the mattress, hang the curtains, and one of them had to roll on the bed to make sure that it was ready for the Royal body.

All these duties are, of course, defunct, but the Yeomen still exist with their strange coats and skirts and staffs, their buckled shoes and red stockings, and thus add somewhat to the pageantry of life.



TYPEE

Continued from Page 2.

down upon the detested old vessel, any one to accompany me in my flight. But it so happened one night, that being upon deck, revolving over in my mind various plans of escape, I perceived one of the ship's company leaning over the bulwarks, apparently plunged in a profound reverie.

To be sure there was one rather unpleasant drawback to these agreeable anticipations—the possibility of falling in with a foraging party of these same bloody-minded Typees, whose appetites, edged perhaps by the air of so elevated a region, might prompt them to devour one. This, I must confess, was a most disagreeable view of the matter.

I had determined not to communicate my design of withdrawing from the vessel to any of my shipmates, and least of all to solicit

He was a young fellow about my own age, for whom I had all along entertained a great regard; and Toby, such was the name by which he went among us, for his real name he would never tell us, was every way worthy of it. He was active, ready, and obliging, of dauntless courage, and singularly open and fearless in the expression of his feelings.

I had on more than one occasion got him out of scrapes into which this had led him; and I know not whether it was from this cause, or a certain congeniality of sentiment between us, that he had always shown a partiality for my society.

We had battled out many a long watch together

Toby, like myself, had evidently moved in a different sphere of life, and his conversation at times betrayed this, although he was anxious to conceal it. He was one of that class of rovers you sometimes meet at sea, who never reveal their origin, never allude to home, and go rambling over the world as if pursued by some mysterious fate they cannot possibly elude.

Labour to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire—consolence. George Washington (1732-1799).

The winds and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators. Edward Gibbon (1737-1749).

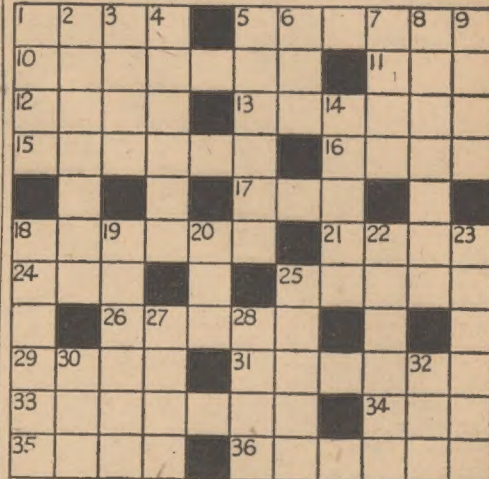
The God Who gave us life gave us liberty at the same time. Thomas Jefferson (1743-1826).

There was much even in the appearance of Toby calculated to draw me towards him, for while the greater part of the crew were as coarse in person as in mind, Toby was endowed with a remarkably prepossessing exterior. Arrayed in his blue frock and duck trousers, he was as smart a looking sailor as ever stepped upon a deck; he was singularly small and slightly made, with great flexibility of limb. His naturally dark complexion had been deepened by exposure to the tropical sun, and a mass of jetty locks clustered about his temples, and threw a darker shade into his large black eyes. He was a strange wayward being, moody, fitful, and melancholy—at times almost morose. He had a quick and fiery temper too, which, when thoroughly roused, transported him into a state bordering on delirium.

No one ever saw Toby laugh—I mean in the hearty abandonment of broad-mouthed mirth. He did smile sometimes, it is true; and there was a good deal of dry, sarcastic humour about him, which told the more from the imperturbable gravity of his tone and manner.

(Continued to-morrow)

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Be without.
- 5 Private.
- 10 When sun crosses Equator.
- 11 Outdo.
- 12 Fold up.
- 13 Suit.
- 15 Chatter.
- 16 Silent.
- 17 Difficulty.
- 18 Centre.
- 21 The same.
- 24 Good service.
- 25 Shop.
- 26 Staff of office.
- 29 Stuff.
- 31 Vegetable.
- 33 Cause to flow.
- 34 Young person.
- 35 North of England river.
- 36 Heavy.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

RAMBLERS P
B BELOW TEA
OF GATEWAYS
TOPAZ RIVET
CRANES RELY
HUM ROPE E
IMPI SEDATE
N ENDOW Z L
GORGE TRUCE
DELETE RAG
CEDED REEDY

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Quitted.
- 2 Living in water.
- 3 Terse.
- 4 In vertical pleats.
- 5 Stick together.
- 6 Chopper.
- 7 Pale colour.
- 8 Serpent.
- 9 Recess.
- 14 Extent.
- 19 Talisman.
- 19 Discus.
- 20 Kindled.
- 22 Boy's name.
- 23 Aria.
- 25 Sound of indignation.
- 27 Abbreviated units of current.
- 28 Musical work.
- 30 Lament.
- 32 Trite quotation.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

'LAKE' PLACID



But we can't say for how long. Whenever Paramount star Veronica Lake steps into a scene, there's going to be fun. Action stations, chaps!



This England

Evening in Canterbury Cathedral Close. Looking through the gateway at the silent edifice, it is hard to imagine the turbulent scenes which have taken place within its very walls. The history of Canterbury Cathedral is surely that of the English Church.

"Gosh! I can't hear a thing," said the church-mouse.



"Neither can we," say these listeners at a session of the Church Assembly.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

